

The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1915

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANKER SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANKER SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand, Ross, Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

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To the Readers of the Record

No doubt many of you who were not present at the Alumnae luncheon in June read with interest the account of the reorganization of the Alumnae Association which appeared in the Commencement number of the *Record*. The change was made in order that the Association might be a more effective organization in promoting the welfare of the School, in perpetuating friendships, and in fostering a spirit of loyalty among graduates and all former students. The new Association now has a membership of seventy-two. The committee hopes to double the membership before the end of the year. Will you not help? The membership fee—one dollar a year—includes the subscription price of the *Record*. Membership is open to all former students and teachers. Will you not also increase the value of the "Scattered Family Notes" in the *Record* by sending items of interest concerning yourself and your friends among former students?

In accordance with the constitution, which provides for a fall meeting of the Association, the Executive Committee has announced an afternoon tea for Monday, October 25, in the parlors of College Hall, at which the members of the present graduating classes will be the guests of the Association.

FLORENCE T. MCKEE, '94
Secretary

"Cultuah" or Culture

BY GEORGE C. FETTER

What is the real intent and purpose of an education? This is a question all students should ask themselves at the beginning of student life. Unless we have clearly defined in our own minds the true end of a college training, our years spent in educational institutions may be wasted.

There are two types of students of which I wish to write. Those of one type seek an education in order to attain what may be termed "cultuah." They are attracted by the frills of college life but miss its deeper purpose. They realize that an education will give them a certain social prestige. They aspire to be among the elite, to walk in the so-called best circles of society. They therefore give the greater part of their time to the things of lesser importance. They run after the tinsel but miss the pure gold. They learn all the formalities and mannerisms that one must know to travel among the aristocracy. They learn how to enter a ballroom gracefully. They learn to speak correctly and in a pleasing manner. They master golf and tennis so that they are always in demand at the country club. But important as these things are, they are only the frills of an education. If they are cultivated merely for themselves, they breed snobbery. If we become so nice and so proper that we lose sympathy and enthusiasm for plain folks with their common problems we are following a false ideal of an education. We have attained "cultuah" but not culture. The "cultuahed" person becomes an ornament to a parlor, a social asset to a drawing-room perhaps, a pretty, harmless creature—but such a person makes no contribution to life and bears no message to humanity.

Those classed among the second type of students attend college because they are seeking true culture. And true culture aims to produce character and efficiency. It makes them efficient members of society by introducing them to the great storehouse of knowledge that has been carefully and tediously gathered for ages. Through it they gain an insight into the best men have thought and done in the world. The knowledge of the history of the human race, of the geography of the

world, of the languages men have spoken, of the literature that embodies the noblest ideals and sentiments of the world's greatest prophets and poets, of the sciences that enable us to master the forces that surround us—all of this wealth of knowledge gives them a broad point of view and a background for approaching the peculiar individual and social problems that they will later be called upon to face. A great many of the facts they will no doubt forget. The details of knowledge will soon slip from their memory. But through a college training they gain a method which will always assist them in meeting intelligently the issues that arise in life. True culture aims first of all, then, to make us useful citizens by disciplining our minds and opening to us in some measure the fields of the world's knowledge.

And yet true culture consists in something more than mere knowledge. In addressing the students of the University of Chicago, William James once said that we used to think education consisted merely in training people to know and to think. Train people to think right, give them right knowledge, and all morality will disappear. But we are discovering that the passage from knowledge to conduct is not immediate. We may know what is right yet do what is wrong. What we do is not determined simply by what we know but by what we want. A knowledge of the evil effects of alcohol does not necessarily prevent medical students from drinking. A knowledge of the dangers of an immoral life does not necessarily prevent students from vice. The ultimate test of character is seen in our choices, our loves, our desires, and our enthusiasms. What books do we choose, with what companions do we associate, when we do the things we most desire? The purpose of an education is therefore not merely to illuminate our minds; it is also to stir our deeper emotions and sentiments. There must be a consecration of the affections for the ideal. There must be awakened within the student's mind and heart a loyalty for the good and the true. The truly cultured students then seek not merely to learn facts. They strive also to cultivate a tender conscience. They endeavor to keep well informed and also to do the thing that opportunity makes possible. They so cultivate their loves, their enthusiasms, and their desires that they always choose to do the thing that their knowledge tells them is right. This deeper emotion and sentiment is aroused only as we identify ourselves with the human race in its onward march. Only as we enter enthusiastically into the common problems of common folks and do our part to help solve them will we attain the supreme culture.

It is a great thing to learn how to form a correct and polished sentence. It is a greater thing to utter a sentence that bears a message

to those who hunger for truth. It is a fine thing to know all the formalities and the etiquette of a drawing-room. It is a finer thing to know something of the great moral and social problems that are staggering the human race. It is an excellent thing to know how to move easily and gracefully in the best circles of society. It is a more excellent thing to have a deep insight into the social mind and heart of our community and our nation. It is a grand thing to learn to play golf and tennis and to romp in the open air. It is a grander thing to dedicate the strength and vitality we thereby gain to the things that are true and beautiful and good.

President Faunce has expressed briefly and beautifully the true object of a college course in these words:

"The object of a college course is to enable a man to find himself and realize himself as a part of a great social order. The bud unfolds into flower and fruit only when touched by the rain, played on by the sunshine, and stimulated by a thousand energies outside of itself. The student may remain shut up in a selfish and bitter individualism unless he too is played upon by the subtle forces of college life.

"Those forces are many: the garnered knowledge of the past, the triumphs of modern science, the beauty of art and nature, the vital contact of inspiring teachers, the daily association with wholesome undergraduates. The college student is not preparing to be a doctor or journalist or engineer or diplomat—but to be a man, so in touch with the finest things and people as 'to see life steadily and see it whole.'"

When I Went to School

BY FRANCES SUTTER

Perhaps the most fun of all was getting to school, starting off in the cool, damp, early morning behind a jogging little Shetland whose creed was "Go slow; eat a lot." My, but that pony lived up to her religion! She could eat more and faster than any pig I ever saw. She just hated to go. Mother would take us to the steps and then Queenie would turn her stubborn little nose into a corner and refuse to go. That was the reason we left so early. We never could depend on Queen to start.

I do not think anyone could have been happier than we were. Two girls alike in their love of the great pine-world we lived in, Lois and I moved smoothly on from day to day. First there was the delicious awakening to a dew-washed world of birds and sunlight, then our clean print frocks to be donned, our hair to be brushed till it shone like glass, and our jaunty taffeta bows to be put in place. The only thing we really

disliked in the day was getting washed. On bare feet we would patter down the hall to the bathroom where Mammy Rose, sleeves rolled up, waited grimly for the young martyrs, who in fear and trembling held up their freckled faces to be scoured. My, but she cleaned us! Every freckle and even the two little chicken-pox marks on my forehead shone when we went down to breakfast. Did you ever eat a southern breakfast? Yum! Cream of wheat, snowy biscuit, ham, cold chicken, figs, and coffee. Real southern coffee we had; even the children had their own little pot of *café au lait*.

But I must take you to school with me, along a white oyster-shell road lined with pines and gentle brown-eyed cows, who in bovine astonishment looked up at the two people who mooed in such a foolish way. For Lois and I always sang as we went along, songs of our own manufacture and tune. Mostly, our songs were about the dresses we had on. But we never sang when we went to school with our cousins, for they were in our opinions very plebeian folk who did not appreciate the full artistic value of our songs and voices.

Perhaps the worst school for a child to attend is one conducted by a relative. The one-roomed, one-teacher school I attended was my aunt's, and we were the northern sister-in-law's children. Lois and I didn't care, though; we were a happy-go-lucky pair, devoted to each other, and it was fun to go to school even if we did get picked on.

Our schoolroom was a long, narrow room containing two aisles and twenty desks. At the head of the room was a mantel and an imitation fireplace on top of which we put our examination papers, written on foolscap. In the middle of a small space at the head of the room stood a little iron stove and alongside of it ran a bench on which the French class sat and "pawlay-voood" and the reading class expounded the wonders of China as told in Carpenter's *Geographical Reader*. The mathematics class suffered untold agonies on that pine bench, and there Miss Nanny put the two boys and one girl of the Latin class through many a trying hour as they sat there gazing at the pecan-trees and freedom. Aunt Nan knew less than the oldest boy, I believe, but she taught anything from zoölogy, which she didn't know anything about, to A B C's.

At about eleven o'clock we had a little recess, and then we would play ball and mumbledy-peg for ten blissful minutes before returning to composition and spelling. When school was over for the morning we all went out to the backyard of dirt and pecan-trees and "swapped" molasses-dipped hunks of bread and boiled eggs. After lunch we went back to the schoolroom and listened to the droning voice of my aunt,

reading us stories from *Harper's Young People*, ages old and bound in green cloth. Once in a while an adventuresome chicken would walk into the room through the open back door. After the stories, came history class, and how I used to stick up for the Yankees, and how the members of the class would crow when the Confederates got a victory! "Abe Lincoln" they called me and I was proud of it, but I joined in heartily when they sang southern songs.

Homesickness

BY RUTH SHANNON

The world looked gray; the world was hated! To think that any girl had said she liked it, how could she? The wish was to be home, *home, HOME!* And she had once said that her home town was the dearest, dullest place on the face of the globe! But—Dead! Why, it would be heaven compared to a place like this. Everyone here seemed to know and like everyone else; she was a stranger, and more, she didn't want to know them. Why weren't they like her home-town folks? Oh! They were awful! It seemed that something was gone; she was drifting, helplessly trying to find a footing, but yet she drifted. It was as if a great something had just been taken away and she had been left to push on alone, without a foothold, just to push ahead in the dark!

This was what she had looked forward to for so long. This!—A boarding-school! It had long been the height of her ambition. Ever since she was a little girl she had read about the wonderful times this one and that one had had when they went to boarding-school. What awful liars they all must have been! Never, *never, NEVER* could she like this awful place!

Nighttime came and with it the teacher's knock. "Lights out" was the whispered, smiling word. Then, as she heard the bell ring, she decided angrily that she at least would not be a machine that came and went according to those bells! It seemed that everything was so arranged to aggravate and enrage her. She hated, furiously, everything connected with the school!

This mark meant the end of the campus and past it was forbidden ground. Should they cross this line, punishment would be the result. Oh! how she wished she might go home! *There* she might at least go to the "movies" if she wished, *there* she had no certain limits! This place was awful!

Then she sadly decided that this must be homesickness. This awful, lost feeling that seemed to be inside, yet outside, and all around.

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It couldn't be cried off, it couldn't be shaken off! At first it was sharp and biting—then it settled to a dull, queer ache. But it was always there—oh, why couldn't she be happy?

Then, one day, she realized that it was gone. Why was it? She felt supremely, radiantly happy! Why, what could be wrong? She missed that dull, deep-rooted ache, yet she was happy! She liked the girls, the world looked bright and dazzlingly cheerful, she loved boarding-school! Perhaps those people weren't such liars after all. She thought it would be such fun to come back the following year. Then she, too, might laugh the first night. After all, she might return; yes, she knew she would return. With her decision, she began to plan what grand times she would have the rest of the year and all of the next. Eyes sparkling, she decided that they'd have a salmon salad spread the very next week! Homesickness was forgotten!

First Impressions of Frances Shimer

BY RUTH CATRON

ACT I

SCENE 1

TIME: 7:30 in the evening.

PLACE: Somewhere in the dark on the road to Mount Carroll.

Splash! Slip! Slid! Turn!

Skid! Splash! Mud! Water! Rain!

BANG ! ! ! ! !

Driver: "There went that tire!"

Girl: "In this rain too!"

SCENE 2

TIME: 8:00 in the evening.

PLACE: Same as Scene 1.

Driver: "Hey there, mister, can you tell us the way to Mount Carroll?"

Man: "About thirty miles straight up and down. Turn to the right every time a main road turns, but keep headed north most of the time."

Driver: "Much obliged."

Girl: "Mercy! Thirty miles!"

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SCENE 3

TIME: 8:30 P.M.

PLACE: Small town in northern Illinois.

Driver: "Say, kid, what's the name of this place?"

Boy: "Mount Carroll, Sir."

Driver: "Thanks, boy."

Girl: "Really, at last!"

ACT II

SCENE 1

TIME: 9:00 at night.

PLACE: Side door, West Hall, Frances Shimer School, Mount Carroll, Illinois.

Girl: "Thank goodness, we're here!"

Woman: "Do you suppose this is the place?"

Driver: "Of course."

Girl: "Do you know where the Dean is?"

Driver: "Over in his office maybe, but I expect he is up in his rooms this time of night."

Girl: "Thank you."

Man, woman, and two girls wander aimlessly around the second floor of West Hall.

Lady: "Were you looking for someone?"

Rescued, finally!

ACT III

SCENE 1

TIME: 9:30 P.M.

PLACE: My own room.

Bare walls! Bed with no bed-clothing on it! Girl in despair!

Girl: "Where on earth do you suppose I can get some bed clothing? Oh, I wish my trunk were here!"

[Later]

Girl (in bed; pillow wet with tears): "Is *this* boarding-school!"

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ACT IV

SCENE 1

TIME: 6:50 next morning.

PLACE: Bedroom.

Rush! Hurry! Scramble!

[Later]

Girl: "Wonder where I am to sit? Well, anywhere I guess."

SCENE 2

TIME: 10:00 same morning. Registration hour.

PLACE: Dean's office.

Long line of waiting girls:

"Oh, I am so tired."

"I'm first here."

"I'm next."

"Let me in."

Hard fight to get a place and harder to keep it.

ACT V

SCENE 1

TIME: Three weeks later.

PLACE: *Girl's* room.

Girl: "Well, what do you think of it now?"

Other Girl: "Oh, I like it, but the time we had at first!"

Good laugh.

Girl: "Are you coming back next year?"

Second Girl: "Yes, indeed! Aren't you?"

First Girl: "Of course!"

My International School Days

BY CELESTINE DAHMEN

If variety is the spice of life then my life must certainly have been a spicy one. I first entered a boarding-school at the age of five, and now, at eighteen, I have attended sixteen different schools in five different

countries. Boarding-school life in these regions has of course as many variations as the regions themselves, and therefore, although it was not always agreeable, at least it has never failed to be interesting. In case, reader, you, too, might find it diverting to take a glimpse of school days in the countries across the sea, come down memory's lane and relive with me a day in England, a day in Belgium, a day in Switzerland, and a day in Germany, the land of the beer and sauerkraut.

A Day in England

Reader, open your eyes and look! "Where are we?" do you ask? Don't you see those big white chalk cliffs and the waves of the ocean dashing against them? Yes, it is England, and this pretty town is the seaside village of Broadstairs. That green and white villa over yonder is the Misses Harley's school for small girls, where we shall visit little five-year-old "Schatzi."

"How do you do, Miss Harley? This is my friend, Mr. Reader. We have come to see your school as it was thirteen years ago. Yes, we should like to talk to Schatzi if you wouldn't mind calling her."

Ah! here she comes, a lively, curly-headed tot with a queer accent. She has been in England only a few months and German and English still persist in getting twisted together when Schatzi wants to say something—which is very often indeed. Well, kleine Schatzi, we want to spend a whole day with you from the time you wake up until the time you go to sleep again.

It is 5:30 A.M. in the Misses Harley's school and Schatzi and the other little girls, after being repeatedly called by the governess, jump up out of bed and put on—no, not their clothes, but their *bathing suits*; for in this little seaside school it is the rule, and a more agreeable one school never had, to take a glorious swim in the ocean every morning before breakfast. The girls put on their bathing suits, roll their clothes up in a bundle under the arm, and march two by two, escorted by the governess, who carries the dressing-tent, down the street toward the bathing-beach, where they spend the next half-hour splashing about in the salty waves. By seven o'clock everyone is dressed and back at the school, ready for breakfast. Oh, how good is an English breakfast, especially after such morning exercise: fried halibut, toast, and marmalade—I can taste them now!

After breakfast lessons begin, but these are of minor importance in Schatzi's daily program; she merely spends an hour or two a day writing in her copy book the letters of the alphabet, or proverbs such

as: "A stitch in time saves nine." In the afternoon the younger Miss Harley takes her flock out for a long walk. Sometimes they play on the beach and gather seashells and starfish and build wonderful castles of sand; at other times they wind along the tops of the big white cliffs, or wander through English fields and English lanes, bordered with English hedges, all green, green, bright English green! At five o'clock tea is served in the big, cozy schoolroom—tea and piles of thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, with sometimes jam! After tea Schatzi and the other younger pupils are protestingly hauled off to bed by the long-suffering governess. And now good-bye, little Schatzi, sleep well in your little white bed in England. When we see you again you'll be far away from the sea and from white chalk cliffs.

A Day in Belgium

Five years after the date of our English visit we find ourselves in Brussels, Belgium; so we'll look up our little friend Schatzi, who is here in a French school. (By the way, Schatzi no longer answers to her baby name but, since we are old friends, I think she'll make an exception of us.) Let's see, what was her address? Oh, yes! I have it: Pensionnat de Mlle Droissart, 76 Rue de Florence. Well, I propose that we go there early in the morning.

This boarding-school, or pensionnat according to the French name, which we are going to visit is kept by three old-maid sisters, each one nicer than the other. Its several small buildings are built about a tiled court, and this, together with a miniature flower bed, forms the only grounds of the school. The pensionnat has about fifteen boarders, sixty day pupils, of whom a few are little boys, and ten teachers. The Mesdemoiselles Droissart, the German teacher, the English teacher, and the Scotch governess live in the school itself, but the five or six French teachers board outside.

But enough of introduction; we'll go inside and see things for ourselves. Yes, this is the door; it's the pupils' entrance and brings us right into a big, bright room, which is the gymnasium, the rainy-day playground, the assembly hall, the ten-o'clock refreshment room, the—well, in short, that big, bare room of a million uses and conveniences which is indispensable to every small school. Now step this way, reader, out of the door, across the little court, and over to the dormitory. Schatzi, being the youngest boarder, sleeps, no doubt, in the children's section; so we'll have to climb some stairs. Whew! strenuous work, eh? But here we are! Goodness gracious, what a queer-looking room! Has something happened to our eyesight? Why, just think, as we stand at

the door and look down the length of the room, all that we see is two rows of giant cretonne handboxes! Is it any wonder that we stand dumbfounded? But come, reader, I'll enlighten you. These cretonne handboxes, which almost touch the ceiling, are small sleeping compartments! Thus a bed, a washstand, and a chair, closely partitioned off by pretty cretonne curtains, form a little private sanctum for each of the younger pupils; and here with them, in another curtained compartment, lives Miss Mitchell, the English teacher, who rules them all with a rod of iron.

"Ding-a-ling" goes the alarm clock and two minutes later the room is like Bedlam itself. Shoes, clothes, and pillows fly—and so do words—and woe to the hapless lazy one for, splash! right on her nose, descends a big, cold, wet sponge. Even Miss Mitchell is not slighted, but she wreaks immediate vengeance by commanding in stentorian tones: "Get dressed at once, and not another sound from any of you!" Soon the gong sounds for breakfast and all file demurely into the dining-room, make a curtsy to the three Mesdemoiselles Droissart, and then bow their heads for the morning prayer. The meals at this pensionnat are delicious, daintily served, and very formal affairs. The tall, stately sisters themselves and their not less elegant and stately dining-room demand this dignity and formality as a matter of course. After breakfast comes the universal morning walk, the march through the streets in twos escorted always by the governess. (Oh, how young people of all nations, of all times, have hated those required after-breakfast promenades!) At nine o'clock the day pupils arrive and lessons begin. Since we cannot visit all the grades today we shall content ourselves by following Schatzi. There she sits at a big table with several other little girls, each wearing a shiny black long-sleeved apron, such as every pupil in Belgium, boy or girl, is obliged to don during school hours. The curriculum of lessons is much the same as ours: history, geography, grammar, and arithmetic, only of course the history taught is the history of Belgium, the geography that of Europe, the grammar that of the French language; in fact, not a word of English is heard—pardon me, I didn't mean quite that. I forgot about the English lesson going on in the next room. Yes, *some* English is heard and it is very familiar, too, for a little, rosy-cheeked Belgian girl is reciting, with face distorted and breath coming hard: "Mairy haz—haz a leetle lamp. Its fleiss—non, non, pas fleiss—its fleas—its fleas are—iss vite aes snow—." Whew! That's hard, isn't it, Jeanne? Well, there goes the 10:30 bell, so you're released.

Sandwiches and hot milk are served in the big open room where we first came in, and for the next half-hour the children have a hilarious time, laughing and shouting, and playing games, which, except for the French names, are just the same as those which American children play. After recess, lessons continue until one o'clock, when all the nursemaids arrive to take home the day pupils, for in Brussels even boys must be strictly chaperoned on the streets.

Usually lessons begin again at two o'clock, but today is Thursday, which is the weekly half-holiday in Belgium. And so, as soon as dinner is over, there is a hustling and bustling among the fifteen "pensionnaires," for the holiday excursion is always a great event. Sometimes they go shopping along the adorable, narrow, winding shopping streets of Brussels, where beautiful lace, dresses, jewelry, and handsome trinkets abound in profusion; sometimes Mlle Droissart takes them to the art museums where they see pictures by Rubens and Rembrandt and other famous artists; on still other Thursdays, when the weather is warm, they go to the park and perhaps on a trip to the country; and on still other Thursdays again—red-letter days these—the Pensionnat of Mlle Droissart goes to some famous castle near Brussels, or perhaps to the battleground of Waterloo.

At seven o'clock supper is served and after supper comes an hour of play. This recreation period is spent most often in one of the school-rooms, where stands a little, rickety phonograph, whose feeble, doleful squeaks are the delight of the whole school. At eight o'clock the older girls go to study and the younger ones are trotted off to their cretonne bandboxes, where they sleep the sleep of the healthy—and the happy.

So we leave Schatzi again, and when we next visit her it will be Christmas time in Switzerland. Good-bye, reader, meet me in December.

[To be continued]

Plus and Minus

BY WINIFRED INGLIS

"You'd be surprised to see how neat the girls keep their rooms," said Miss Darrow one morning to two of us mothers who were visiting at Frances Shimer. "Come around with me while I inspect and you'll see for yourselves." So with a final, pitying glance at Metcalf, where our young hopefuls were deep in their work, we turned to follow.

As the door of the first room was thrown open, Miss Darrow advanced, cautiously rubbing her finger-tips over the table and the panels

of the doors for traces of dust. Her face lightened approvingly. She peeped under the beds. The floor was dustless. Next she turned her attention to the chiffoniers. Everything was in perfect order. The closet doors were opened, revealing orderly rows of shoes, and garments carefully hung on coat-hangers. Miss Darrow glanced at us, smiled triumphantly, and after putting down a + on her slip of paper, we passed out.

The next room was across the hall. We stepped inside. Truly it was a sight to behold! A trail of cracker crumbs on the floor lead us from the door to the table. On this poor, abused piece of furniture, two knives, covered with pimento cheese and jam, were peacefully and smearily reposing. "Such good children!" remarked Miss Darrow. "They never have eats. Oh no!" An empty can of beans and an olive bottle seemed to form the centerpiece, and were surrounded by sacks of cookies, fruit, pickles, and crackers. A half-dozen sticky dishes completed the layout. The shelf beneath had evidently been used for storing everything in the way. Books had been carelessly piled up, some of which had coasted off onto the floor. Papers, pencils, pens, tablets, and what not were lying in hopeless confusion. "Humph!" said Miss Darrow. We gasped. Resolutely, she looked under the beds. Here was a choice collection of all the dust, odds and ends, and "fuzzies," which had accumulated during the week. Miss Darrow scowled. She glanced toward the chiffoniers. The tops were liberally sprinkled with powder, and were a wild confusion of manicure and toilet articles. From the open top drawers peeped ribbons, ties, laces, handkerchiefs, and a switch or two. Miss Darrow shuddered—and looked no farther. Nor did the closets receive any attention. She hustled us out, and with a firm tightening of her lips, put down an awful, big, black "—."

A Summer in Maine

By FAITH R. LILLY

The mewing of sea-gulls outside my cabin window, together with the steward's furious knocking and repeated calls, brought me suddenly to the fact that we were nearing the Maine coast and the unknown tiny spot on the map that was my destination. Brooklin, Maine! There is a name to conjure with. All I could see when I had arrived on deck was the nose of our boat poking its way through the fog. Soon the rattle of chains somewhere in the near distance announced that we were startlingly near land and in an instant we had arrived.

A good-sized dock, some fisher folk, an antiquated vehicle and horse, a few houses scattered along a single street, a store or two, then a

long stretch of spruce wood-road, losing itself a few yards ahead in the fog—this was Brooklin, Maine, and here I was to spend eight weeks. The thrill that I had been living in for weeks over the prospect of a summer in Maine died within me. A clearing—a turn in the road—a straggly upward climb—fog more dense and chill—then the outlines of a stark dwelling. I must confess I hesitated a full half second before alighting and as many as two before I let my trunk be lifted down. I knew the sea with all its charm was within ten rods but it took faith that moment to believe it. Of course I stayed. That was the purpose of my coming.

The moods of fog, like the moods of a maid, are beyond understanding. Two days later a new world emerged—a world of shining sea, rocky headlands, scraps of islands crowded with fir trees, and on the horizon the row of long mountains which is Mount Desert. During the weeks that followed, now few enough, each day brought its own discovery and peculiar pleasure—the tang of the cold mid-Atlantic in the air, the hush of deep wood trails, the colors in the grass of a common meadow half in fog and mist, and of an evening “the wood-notes of the veery” and the hermit thrush. And then there was so much to do as well as to enjoy. We worked from morning till night. There were the berries to gather—wild strawberries, blueberries, huge red raspberries as large as thimbles—thumb thimbles—and bushels of them. Then there were the new flowers to know—sundew, the shiny gold-thread, half a dozen new pyrolas, the delicate twin-flower; and new cousins to old friends—the pink yarrow, rabbit-foot clover, and red-berried elder. And orchids! The ragged and large purple fringed, and slender ladies’ tresses. For two whole days in rubber boots that came high to the knees we searched the big swamp down by haunted Apple-Tree Cottage for *pogonia ophioglossoides* and failed in the quest.

But most impressive of all these botanical adventures was our discovery of the pallid Indian pipe. We had found ourselves in a deep wood of spruce and hemlock, the soil of fir needles sinking deeply at each step. Ahead of us was a tangle of fallen and standing trees, straight and tall because of the dense growth. The ground here was boggy. To support ourselves while scrambling around and under the fallen trees we caught hold of the trunks of those standing, only to feel them yield under our hands and topple over upon their neighbors. At the roots of these phantom trees clustered unnatural, corpse-like blooms. Never before had I seen any but the dead, absolutely dead, white, and there were some of that variety here; but there were others, some a delicate blue, some faint lavender, and some flesh pink, even tinged with

a bit of rose on the tips of the petals. We hesitated about gathering any for we knew their fate, but the "crimson-tippéd" ones tempted me. I gathered them ever so gently by loosening the soil about their roots, but before we were out of the wood the petals and also the stems had begun to blacken. If ever I am able to hire a poet one of my first orders shall be a sonnet to those little ghost flowers.

The more usual occupations and attractions at summer places too were not wanting. We sailed and deep-sea fished, on rare occasions with the natives; we motored along main highways to Bucksport and up to Bangor; we took long hikes along narrower wood-roads, arriving home at dark far from critical of our food; we even, when forced to it, joined the ubiquitous porch gossip and rocked—back and forth. One day we donned our best clothes and went to Bar Harbor, promenaded, and gazed at our country's celebrities. The only sport we lacked at our very door was mountain climbing and that we had by going a few miles north to Blue Hill or farther on to the real sure-enough mountains toward Bangor.

As the weeks passed an unasked presence began to intrude upon our good times. At first we gaily ignored her, then we quietly cut her, but she was without feeling. The goldenrod along the roadside began to bow and nod to us. Another ride, in fog, this time in the night—the wharf—a few yards of sea—a sense of expectation—a series of prolonged, muffled sounds, each a little more distinct than the last—the wall of fog to the left gradually becoming lighter. Slowly a great ship, Eastland-like, tall and narrow like a skyscraper, and dripping with fog and light, drew alongside the pier. A night of confused sounds—fog-horns, bell and whistling buoys—and in the morning Boston Harbor. My first summer in Brooklin, Maine, was ended.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Frances Shimer

Oatmeal

U know how often.

Recitations—

Apples in between to soften,

Larks

Marks

And a few sharks

Minuses for dirty rooms,

At ope' of school, to each, new brooms.

Teachers so cruel.

Each day a new rule.

Rah! for our dear,

our darling old school!



Clothes for the Girl at Frances Shimer

As the time for the opening of school draws near, *Vogue* appears on the newstands, gay with a cubist design on the cover, and within alluring pictures of frocks for "Les Jeunes Filles." Such a bewildering host of styles from which a girl may choose her wardrobe. But she who is going to Frances Shimer should avoid the extreme, elaborate designs, and carefully select the most simple and girlish ones.

First come dresses for the schoolroom. Nothing is better for such a purpose than the popular "Peter Thompson," with the big silk tie. Or, if the girl wants something different, let her select one of the many trim serge dresses, with their delightfully big pockets, and fastening with buckles and straps. For a change, a well-hung tweed or serge skirt is appropriate. With this she should have many easily laundered blouses, that will always look fresh. High-heeled pumps are out of place with such attire; the low-heeled English shoe is much more suitable.

For the horseback rides, "hikes," and picnics, she needs something in the way of sport clothes. The girl who has always envied her brother may now revel in the straight-cut, boyish, khaki suits. With a simple blouse, a soft hat, and high stout boots, the costume is complete. If such an outfit is not desired, however, a well-fitting middie and wide skirt are appropriate.

For street and church she should have a most simple tailored suit: nothing extreme in cut or trimming. It should be well made, and perhaps relieved by bands of fur, or given a jaunty military air by the use of braid. She should choose a hat to match the suit in style and simplicity. Nor do thin-soled pumps belong to such a costume; rather high shoes of soft kid or patent leather and cloth.

We do not think the dress worn all day long should be worn to dinner. But elaborate dinner gowns are as out of place as the "Peter Thompson." The girl may have some light little summer frocks that are most appropriate. Skirts with some of the smart new blouses, or soft silk dresses with a piquant touch of trimming, are best for later in the winter. Now let her wear her slippers of patent leather, kid, or bronze.

One or two dresses for the parties and "proms" are needed. Every girl loves pretty evening and dancing dresses, but she should avoid those in the low-cut, extreme styles. These she may wear later if she chooses. The fluffy, frivolous little gown of soft taffeta or crêpe de chine in tasty shades are most effective for the girl. In case she does not care for silk, dainty white net or organdy make most charming dancing dresses. Colored or dark pumps should be worn in the evening.

With such clothes, a girl cannot go far wrong. Our parting advice is, leave the bizarre, elaborate gowns for some other girl; for yourself, choose becoming, simple, well-made garments.

Hesper Services

September 19.—Dean McKee talked on "Intellectual Awakening." Miss Monks sang a selection from the *Messiah*.

September 26.—The service was in charge of the Y.W.C.A. Mrs. McKee spoke of the work of that organization.

October 3.—Miss Eleanor Brown talked on "What to Read." She read an interesting article on "Quack Novels," by Owen Wister.

October 10.—Dean McKee discussed the leading topics of the day.

Chapel Exercises

On Tuesday, September 28, the Dean spoke, in Chapel, on the ruler of China. His talk briefly reviewed the editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post* written by Samuel Blythe. Blythe's editorial was an account of an interview with the Chinese ruler. The Dean particularly emphasized the fact that while China is a republic in name, it is really governed by one man, and that man is apparently a most interesting one. The Dean made us appreciate the humor of a Chinese ruler's day as well as the work.

On Friday, October 1, Miss Lila Brown recited "Sport," which was much appreciated by all.

On Wednesday, October 6, the Dean spoke about re-forming the Diversion Club. He related briefly the work of the club in the past years. The club has surely been a great help to the beautifying of the

School since its organization, according to the improvements enumerated by the Dean.

On Riley Day, Thursday, October 7, the School enjoyed several selections from Riley's poems which the Dean read in Chapel. Among them were "The Runaway Boy," and "The Tramp" and "Down to the Capital."

Miss Englebrecht played "The Dream of Love" in Chapel on Friday, October 8. The selection was most pleasingly rendered.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

The Y.W.C.A. of Frances Shimer started to work this year with over fifty members, among whom are many enthusiastic workers.

The following form the cabinet for the year 1915-16: President, Winifred Inglis; vice-president, Julia Cargill; treasurer, Ruby Worner; corresponding secretary, Lois Waite; recording secretary, Marian Burr. Chairmen of committees: Religious Meetings, Julia Cargill; Practical Service, Frances Sutter; Membership, Marguerite Kinnick; Music, Mary Fishburn; Missionary, Miss Spohn; Bible-Study, Eloise Judson; Social, Dorothy Fargo; Social Service, Marie Comstock; Finance, Ruby Worner; Association News, Lois Waite.

On September 26 the Y.W.C.A. had charge of Vespers. Miss Fargo sang "Just for Today." The new Vesper Service was read and Mrs. McKee gave an inspiring talk upon the purpose and work of the Y.W.C.A.

The first Y.W.C.A. meeting of the year was held on Friday, October 1. Miss Winifred Inglis led, upon the subject "What the Y.W.C.A. of Frances Shimer Has Meant to Me." She cited some personal experiences of the girls testifying to their benefits from the work.

On October 2 the Y.W.C.A. gave its annual corn roast, which, as usual, was enjoyed by the girls.

On October 8 Julia Cargill led, upon "The Practical Side of Y.W.C.A. for F.S. Girls." Plans for the bazaar to be held on December 6 were discussed. No doubt many of the alumnae and friends of the School will be glad to hear that the old custom has been continued and will wish to send a small contribution.

Class Notes

Sophomore College

The Sophomore College class organized with eleven members and elected the following officers: President, Helene Bowersox; vice-

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president, Bertha Corbett; secretary, Winifred Inglis; treasurer, Julia Cargill. Miss Pierson was chosen class counselor.

Freshman College

The members of the Freshman College class, fifteen in number, have organized and have chosen the following officers: Counselor, Miss Lila Brown; president, Celestine Dahmen; vice-president, Katharine Sears; secretary, Gretchen Smith; treasurer, Marie Jolley. Sunday evening, October 3, these officers entertained the class at an informal tea in College Hall.

Academic Seniors

On Friday, October 8, the Senior Academy class organized. They chose Miss Morrison as their counselor. The following were elected officers: President, Evelyn Swanson; vice-president, Helen Moore; secretary, Mildred Johnson; treasurer, Jeannette Patterson.

Academic Juniors

The Junior class was organized on September 29 and elected Marian Burr as president, and Ruby Worner as secretary and treasurer. Miss Eleanor Brown was chosen for class counselor. The Juniors decided to keep the violet as their class flower and purple and white as their colors.

At a second meeting, October 1, plans were begun for the Halloween Prom.

Academic Sophomores

At the first meeting of the Sophomores the officers elected were: President, Eunice Shannon; secretary and treasurer, Frances Sutter. Miss Bragg was chosen class counselor and the colors selected were purple and gold and the flower the chrysanthemum.

Academic Freshmen

The Academy Freshman class organized September 29, 1915, with a membership of thirteen and one honorary member. The following officers were elected: President, Hazel Pooley; vice-president, Alice Rauch; secretary, Margaret McKee; treasurer, Ruth McCullough. The class chose old rose and silver for colors and the tea rose for class flower. Mrs. W. P. McKee was chosen counselor.

Events

Who's Who Party

The first poster that greeted the new girls was a questioning one. It was generously sprinkled with bold black question marks, and announced the annual Who's Who Party. One always finds it hard to learn and remember, all at once, the names and faces of so many girls and teachers; so the Who's Who Party was originated some years ago. This year the girls assembled in College Hall parlors Saturday night, September 18, at 7:30 o'clock. Programs were given out and when the girls looked to see what kind of dances they were to have, they were surprised to find, not Two-Step, Fox Trot, and Waltz, but such topics as Hay-Fever, Moth Balls, Bombs, and Crushes. These were to be discussed by partners as each dance was announced. Putting the names down on the programs helped to fix them in memory and the discussions left lasting impressions of the girls themselves. (Can you imagine the kind of impression you would receive of a girl from her discussion of moth balls, for instance?) After the dances were over, the most delicious ice cream and wafers were served, for which appreciation is due to the School, although the College girls were the hostesses of the evening.

Strawberry Shortcake in September

For dinner the other night we had real strawberry shortcake from the F.S.S. ever-bearing bed which has supplied the Dean with strawberries all summer. Don't you wish you were at F.S.S.?

Record Broken

Never before have we heard of any Monday cleaning being done so early as was done by the girls in Room 133 on the first Monday after their arrival. They arose at 2:00 A.M., swept the floor and even emptied the paper basket. Cause for such unheard-of doings: mouse heard but not seen; cracker crumbs on floor; mouse discovered in waste paper basket.

Drinking Fountain

Would you believe it? Old girls, listen! When we go rushing from Science up to Metcalf for Chapel, we really have a place to stop for breath and get a refreshing draught of bubbling water. We guess that someone thought the birds were better treated than we were; so gave us a drinking fountain that we might not harbor any jealousy for the birds, who were given a fountain by the Senior Academy class last spring.

Horseback Riding

One of the most popular and enjoyable sports of the year is horse-back riding. Nearly every afternoon the horses come up from the stable and the girls with their chaperon go galloping away over those picturesque country roads around Mount Carroll. I say galloping; well, yes, but oh, such frightened looks and frantic cries of "stop him," that always accompany the first ride of those who are determined to learn how, even if they fall off in the attempt. They always come back with regained confidence and can hardly wait till they can scrape up another four bits to go again. If you have ridden, you will know too of another reason for wanting to go again soon. It is easily guessed. Sometimes on Saturday, the weekly picnic day (after school is out), the girls put some sweet potatoes in the oven in College kitchen, before leaving; then come back with a ravenous appetite and make toast and coffee between intervals of scooping the luscious insides out of the piping hot "taters."

Dr. Braunlich Ill

For a whole week we missed the company and teaching of our German teacher, Miss Braunlich, who was in the Infirmary with a severe cold. Miss Emeis came from Davenport to substitute in Miss Braunlich's classes.

Hathaway Redecorated

The corridor in Hathaway Hall has been redecorated and a glass door put in on the east side opening on to the balcony.

Golf

Those interested in golf will be glad to know that the golf course has been extended over the hill and we now have a nine-hole course.

Picnics

As the old girls know, F.S.S. is never lacking in picnics, and this year is no exception to the rule. The exception lay in the fact that the day set for the first picnic ended in a downpour of rain (but not downcast spirits by any means). Never before did the girls come back with such glowing faces and wildly excited looks. One girl appeared to have just barely escaped from some bloody conflict; for on her hair and scalp appeared a scarlet streak as from some murderous knife, and at her throat was seen a great crimson blotch, as from the clutches of some wild beast. Oh, what had happened to her? She didn't know!

But later the mystery was solved! Her red hair-ribbon and middy tie had faded in that awful flood of rain that came pouring down in drenching torrents, while the picnickers trudged gaily home to the music of rattling cups and spoons and squeaking water-soaked shoes.

Alice's Raucous Surprise

On arriving home from that rainy picnic, Alice was rushing to her room, dripping from head to foot, when Ruth forced her unwillingly to stop in the parlor to "see something." The "something" took the form of her father, mother, and two small brothers, who had driven two hundred miles to visit Alice at F.S.S.



The Teachers on Duty

New teacher: "Tell me, what must I do when the 9:15 bell rings?"

Old teacher: "You have to know that the girls are in their own rooms. Just go around and tap at the doors."

New teacher: "Then can I tell by tapping?"

Another new teacher: "See to the lantern? Why, what am I to do with the lantern?"

Reply: "Light it, and hang it on the Dean's door, of course."

Still another (having tapped by mistake on the substitute's door): "Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm tucking the children in, and I forgot that you were to have this room."

Miss E.: "Oh, that's all right. But I didn't know that the pupils did duty work here."

Her first night on duty, at 9:17: "Guess what I've done now. I just knocked at my own door!"

"Please, Mr. Dean, if I can't be a Senior, I'd like to be a College girl."

Nutty Names

If you some future day
Should ever hate your name,
Think of these poor souls and play
Pollyanna's little game:
Dr. Coffin Miss Taken
Rob Graves Ima Pancake
E. Z. Munne A. Schickendanz.

Epitaphs

There was a young lady named Jolley,
And altho' she knew 'twould be folly,
Not a bite did she eat,
Nor a wink did she sleep,
Longing for days of the Holly,

There was a young woman named Wales
Whose laughter came always in gales.
When one questioned why,
She replied by and by:
"They're the breezes to fill out my sails."

There once was a person named Shannon
Who, when under the fire of the cannon,
Was afraid of the ball
So delayed not at all
But turned, and then merely ran on.

There was a young girl named McKee,
A favorite—'twas easy to see.
With friends ever surrounded
Her joy was unbounded—
This happy young Marg'ret McKee.

There was a young woman named Hill
Who of sundaes one day ate her fill.
But her money was spent
E'en that her friends lent
When once she had settled her bill.

There was a young lady Helene
Who ofttimes appeared in bright green.
When asked why she did it
She replied in a minute:
"Why, surely, I like to be seen."

There was a school famed in the West
For by all it was known as the best.
'Twas called Frances Shimer
But that's a poor rhymers,
So in prose you will find all the rest.

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Frances Shimer Students at Institutions of Higher Learning

(Academic Graduate or College girls with advanced standing)

Wellesley

Glee Hastings
Ruth Hastings
Lorena Tuttle

Mount Holyoke

Frances Schmidt

Smith

Jessie Thomas

University of Chicago

Vera Esther Clark
Hortense Mandl
Ellen Phillips

University of Wisconsin

Julia Sword

Northwestern University

Ruth Baume
Ruth Earhart
Nona Hakes
Dorothy Howell
Margaret Middlekauff
Frances Montgomery

Western

Mabel Hughes

Milwaukee-Downer

Irene Grant
Ethel McDonald
Louise Nelson
Marjorie Noyes
Muriel Smith

University of Nebraska

Dorothy Davies
Gertrude Munger

Colorado College

Margery Graham

University of Illinois

Marie Berlin
Marguerite Higgins
Winifred McClure

Beloit

Dorothy Miles

Lake Erie College

Gladys Smith

Drake University

Faith Buck

Knox College

Constance Sargent

Junior College

Ethel Ank

Bertha Corbett
Celestine Dahmen
Dorothy Fargo
Laurel Gillogly

Grinnell College

Margaret Manning

Lake Forest College

Bernice Ayers

Leland Stanford Junior University
Vivian Lowrey

University of Minnesota

Doris Leach
Clara Walker

Western Michigan Normal

Marie Melgaard

Stout Institute

Catherine Creager

Oberlin College

Carolyn Green

South Dakota State College

Fern Waffle

University of Colorado

Louise Reichelt
Brenda White

Iowa Teachers College

Ella Norris

Elda Platt

Emerson College of Oratory

Elizabeth Darnell

University of Michigan

Berneda Pierson

Dorothy Pierson

Additions and corrections are solicited. Address the *Frances Shimer Record*.

The Scattered Family

Nellie Rice, '15, is teaching at Marcus, Ill.

Julia Hickman, College '14, is teaching at Benton, Ill.

Geneva Seeger, '09-'10, is in the University of Nebraska.

Faith Buck, College '14-'15, is in Drake University this year.

Edna Ames, '00, is teaching in the Girls' High School, Riverside, Cal.

Gladys Dean Smith, '13, is in Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio.

Catherine Morrasy, '15, is traveling in the West with her parents.

Postal cards came from Chattanooga, Tenn., in August from Edwina Myers, '08.

Coventry Platt, '13-'15, and Marion McCall, '13-'15, are in Chicago high schools.

The betrothal of Lucile Hirsch to Mr. Louis Wolf, of Detroit, Mich., is announced.

Olive Place McFarland, '81, sent greeting at Commencement from Ohiowa, Neb.

Hazel Hayden, '11, writes from St. Louis that she could not do without the *Record*.

Florence Sisler, '15, and Hazel Iona Mackay, '15, are teaching near Mount Carroll.

Hazel Cooper Lynch, '11, Alamosa, Colo., sent a breezy letter to the Dean in August.

Mrs. Clara A. Robinson, '77, Springfield, sends a letter of good wishes on July 26.

Ella W. Norris, '15, is in the Cedar Falls, Ia., Normal, studying kindergarten work.

Jessie Wright, College '15, is teaching domestic science in the high school at Sidney, Ia.

Blanche Strong, '76, is teaching piano in Pasadena, Cal. Her address is 459 Los Robles Place.

Agnes Prentice, '14, Chicago, expects to enter the University of Chicago again this year.

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Frances Roberts, '11, was graduated from the Los Angeles State Normal School in June.

Charmion Holbert, '13, enjoyed a trip West the past summer and is teaching at Edgewood, Ia.

Winifred Seeger, '11, is teaching in the high school in Lexington, Neb., a large modern school.

Angeline Beth Hostetter, '02, is instructor in French and German at Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

Miss Mabel Dougherty, College '13, is the efficient accountant and librarian at Frances Shimer School.

Charlotte Rice, College '14, is instructor in the commercial department of the high school at Delavan, Ill.

Julia E. Brittain, Saugatuck, Mich., College '12, expects to enter the University of Wisconsin in February, 1916.

Pearl Hoar, '12-'13, Chicago, visited the School, September 19, with Winifred White, '12-'13, of Garden Prairie, Ill.

Elda Platt, '14, spent the summer in the East and is again this year in Iowa State Teachers College at Cedar Falls.

Grace Oberheim, College '14, has recently been appointed librarian of the Carnegie Public Library in Mount Carroll.

Mary G. Baldwin, Lake View, Kan., writes on July 6, expressing satisfaction in the good received at Frances Shimer.

Ivy Caldwell Goodman, '11, sends attractive pictures of her home and the public school in Goodman, Wis., her home town.

Jean Boyd, '11, has returned as instructor in piano and harmony to the Lyceum Arts Conservatory, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Angie C. Benton, '80, University Park, Colo., writes expressing a wish to see the old School again and her pleasure in its prosperity.

Ruth Crocker, '15, after an interesting trip through the West, which included a visit to both expositions in California, is now at her home in Maroa, Ill.

Delana Bailey, '91, of Portland, Ore., recently met May Cole, '08, of McDonald, Kan., in San Francisco, where both were visiting the Panama Exposition.

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Laverne Burgan, '13, writes from home, Ridge Farm, Ill., of visiting Lucile Hull and Veta Thorpe and Marguerite Higgins. Much talk over "Schooldays and good times at F.S.S."

Mrs. Mabel Richardson Knapp, '01, Rockford, writes of her disappointment in not being present at Commencement time as she had planned and of her intention to visit the School later.

Vesta L. Grimes, '11, Paw Paw, Mich., writes in August that she has been attending the New York School of Fine Arts, New York City, and expects to return to complete the course in interior decoration.

Gertrude Munger, '14, writes that money couldn't buy the year and a half she spent in Frances Shimer and that she will want her small sister to come later on. Gertrude is in the University of Nebraska this year.

Harriet Lee, Instructor in English, '08-'11, writes from Evanston in July of meeting Misses Hobson, Morrison, and Bowman at a luncheon at the College Club. Miss Lee is instructor in English in the New Trier High School.

Carolyn Sterner, '03-'04, writes in August that the *Record* is a most welcome visitor. She enjoyed a visit the past summer from Myrtle Barthell Dickson and often sees Mabel Zigler. Carolyn is teaching piano and has a fine class.

Howard Harper McKee, '06, after three years with the General Asphalt Company in Venezuela, S.A., is now doing geological reconnaissance work for the Osage Exploration Company in the oil fields of Oklahoma, with headquarters at Tulsa.

Alida Bartlett Hopps, '10, La Moille, writes in August giving names of prospective pupils. She says that her sister Hester, '05-'06, traveled in Montana and the Yellowstone this past summer. Alida expects to do story work among the children in La Moille this year.

Miss Edna A. Howard, instructor in voice, '09-'15, after a pleasant summer spent in Rochester, New York City, and various places on the Massachusetts coast, has opened a studio in Cleveland, Ohio, where she will do private teaching. Her address is 809 The Arcade.

Miss Berneda Pierson, College '13-'15, continues her work in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. She is chairman of the Social Committee in one of the local churches, and serves on the same committee of the Young Women's Christian Association of the University.

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Annette Hutchison, '14, is at the Chicago School of Physical Education, studying playground work. She writes of having seen Therese Falkenau, '14, Edith Parker, '14, Elizabeth Rubinkam, '14, Ruth C. Chester, '14, Anna Strehlow, '13-'14, and Hortense Mandl, College, '15.

MARRIAGES

Babette Samelson to Herbert Herff, June 21, Memphis, Tenn.

Jennie Grace Doty, '02, to James Melville Birrel, July 17. At home in Rossmyrne, Ohio.

Elva Leota Willard to Mr. Walter Seaman, October 16, 1915. At home in Osalan, Iowa.

Veta Melsena Thorpe, '14, to Merle Louis Nebel, September 6, 1915. At home in Champaign, Ill.

Alice McDonald to Roy Martin Winger, June 12, 1915, Charleston, Ill. At home in Eugene, Ore.

Maud Zencie Hagberg to Mr. Peter O. Okkelberg, September 2, 1915. At home at 519 Forest Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

BIRTHS

Owen Franklin Goodman, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barber Goodman (Ivy Caldwell), May 4, 1915.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Durlacher, July 6, 1915, a son James Edward. Mrs. Durlacher was Anna Davis, '05.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Alton Martin (Florence Lougee, '08) announce the birth of a son, Charles Russel Martin, at their home in Broken Bow, Neb., on September 8, 1915.

Record subscriptions have been received from the following since June 8: Marie Comstock, Shelbyville, Ind.; Clare Seybold, Winona Lake, Ind.; Clara Walker, Minneapolis, Minn.; Jessie Wright, Glenwood, Ia.; Madeleine Sloane, Keithsburg, Ill.; Brenda White, Pueblo, Colo.; Hazel Hayden, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. I. McGurk, Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. William von Boenig, Chicago; Fred Smith, Mount Carroll; Mary Baldwin, Lakeview, Kan.; Ruth Earhart, Evanston; Dorothy Heine-man, Valparaiso, Ind.; Virginia Dax, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Edward Richardson, Springfield, Mass.; Lynne Waddell, Albright, W.Va.; Mrs. Mary Dunshee, Mount Carroll; Angie Benton, University Park, Colo.; Ivy C. Goodman, Goodman, Wis.; Mrs. Ruth Hall Nelson,

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Cherokee, Ia.; Mrs. Louelyn Rogers Shackleton, Oak Park, Ill.; Caroline Sterner, Springville, Ia.; Vesta Grimes, Paw Paw, Mich.; Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, Lincoln, Neb.; Charmion Holbert, Greeley, Ia.; Mrs. O. F. McKenney, Mount Carroll; Edith Vass, Eldon, Ia.; Vivian Lowrey, Leland Stanford Junior University, Palo Alto, Cal.; Mary-Emily Merrit, Duluth, Minn.; Julia Hickman, Benton, Ill.; Mabel Richardson, Chicago; Marie Melgaard, Argyle, Minn.; Coventry Platt, Chicago; Helen Kingery, Chadwick, Ill.; Hazel Rollins, Chicago; Gladys Weld, Fort Atkinson, Wis.; also the following through the Alumnae Association: Lida Dymond, Chicago; Beth Hostetter, Columbia, Mo.; Lillian Clemmer, Lanark, Ill.; Lute Fraser, Savanna, Ill.; Alta Sawyer, Shabbona, Ill.; Ruth Hastings, Wellesley, Mass.; Julia Brittain, Saugatuck, Mich.; and the following from Mount Carroll: Ethel Pierce, Alice F. Stewart, Mrs. W. R. Hostetter, Sarah Hostetter, Mrs. Nellie Rinewalt, Mr. J. H. Miles, Mrs. J. H. Miles, Mary D. Miles, Laurel Gillogly, Harriet Connell, Iona Bickelhaupt, Mrs. H. P. Miles.

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